That Threatening Comet.

The threatened destruction of the earth, by a comet falling into the sun, some afteen years hence, was referred to editorially by the Tribune last Sunday. It was then stated that the matter would be referred to the Tribune astronomer. The promise was made in a jocular way; but so many readers have since expressed a desire to "hear from him" on the sub-ject that he has undertaken a response.

ject that he has undertaken a response. There is certainly some reason to think, or fear, that the comet referred to will really fall into the sun. The mere fact that the comets of 1668, 1843 and 1880 were all traveling in nearly the same path does not prove their identity. But the fact that they (or it) nearly grazed the surface of the sun at the nearest approach does furnish good reason to think that the motion in the curve was thereby retarded: and the necessary conseretarded; and the necessary conse-quence of such retardation must be a final destruction of the such destruction of the orbit. The comet of 1843 passed within about 80,000 miles of what appears to us to be the sun's nor-mal surface. The observation of the solar eclipse of 1869 satisfied the writer that the sun has an atmosphere which extends at least 800,000 miles above the apparent surface. That is, it extends out ten times as far as the least distance of the comet. The solar atmosphere must be exceedingly rare in that vicinity, but so is th ly rare in that vicinity, but so is the carth's atmosphere at the height of 100 miles: and yet we know that the latter retards the flight of meteors so much as to warm them up to the luminous point—the motion being converted into heat. It is easily shown that the passage through a resisting medium destroys much more of the tangential motion than it does of that which results from the action of the contrinctal force. Hence the orbit bends centripetal force. Hence the orbit bends inward more rapidly than before. This means that the comet returns sooner to the aphelion point, shortening the major axis of the orbit and the period of revolution. If the comet pass through the re-sisting medium at each perihelion return, the orbit is soon broken up by the fall of

the comet into the sun.

It is easy to calculate, approximately, the quantity of heat developed by such a catastrophe. If we take the sun's radius as the unit of measure, then the square of the velocity on reaching his surface. plus unity divided by the major axis of the orbit, is a constant quantity—the same for every member of the solar system, except a small variation due to the quantity of matter in the falling mass.

With this we may calculate that a parabolic orbit would give a greatest velocity
of 3821 miles per second; and if the axis
of the orbit were shortened to equal that of the earth's orbit the greatest velocity would be about 382 miles. If, therefore, the orbit of the comet should be shortened down by two or three more peri-helion passages before the final collapse we should still have a maximum velocity of about 380 miles. This would be con-verted into heat. Dividing this velocity by 223 feet, and squaring the result, we obtain, in round numbers, 80,000,000 degrees of the Fahrenheit scale as the A large part of this would be distributed by conduction among the material composing the sun.

The next important point is to know the quantity of matter in the comet; and that we do not know. But we have sevat no time has it been more than about one part in 5,000 of the earth's mass. And it is probably now much less than even that relatively small quantity. The passage through the sun's atmosphere shears off the gaseous matter of the count and its attendant train of meteors, both of which are left behind by the mor solid nucleus, as the latter rushes away in its diminished orbit. Hence, though the shortening of the period does not de-tract very much from the perthelic velo ity, it does materially lessen the quan-tity of matter that is left to be heated up by the last grand rush down into the bowels of the sun.

Now, if we allow the very greatest possible value for the mass of the comet just before it loses its individuality, we shall find the heat generated by the im-pact to be just about equal to that thrown off by the sun during one week. Allow-ing what seems to the writer to be the, maximum probable value, the resulting heat would be equal to the present solar expenditure during not more than two result in the first, and worst, case would be an outburst of solar energy that would make itself felt on every planet in the system. Still the magnitude of the effect would very largely depend upon anoth er consideration. If the comet should strike the sun on the side that is turned away from the earth, the point of greatest disturbance, would not come round towards us for several days; and during that time a large part of the extra energy would be so much disturbed that the earth could endure the change without an entire subversion of the preent order of things. If, on the other hand, the comet should strike on the hither side of the sun, the result to us would be most disastrous. The increased heat would rarefy our atmosphere, making it occupy a much larger bulk than now, an I enormously increase the evaporation from ocean, lake, river and dry land, parching up the latter, probably drying up all our water courses, even to the bed of the great lake system, and landing the atmosphere with all the maloading the atmosphere with all the ma-terial requisite to a deluge of rain, that would begin to fall by the time the stricken side of the sun had been carried away from us by the solar rotation. That set of changes would be repeated, on a di-minishing scale, several times at intervals of nearly a month before the disturbed forces had settled back into something like an equilibrium.

The speedy charging of the atmosphere ith moisture would furnish a. "blanket" covering that would act as a partial pal-litative to the intensity of solar heat out-side. But it is difficult to understand how, under even such conditions, humalife could continue to exist on the earth. If ecould continue to exist on the earth.

If perpetuated anywhere, we must expect it to be in the polar regions. If, for instance, the outburst should occur while it is winter to the northern hemisphere, the sun would be below the horizon of dwellers near the North Pole during the greatest intensity of disturbance. The people there would probably survive; provided always that the ice cap at the outh Pole were not liberated so as to deluge the North, and permit once more

This is a dreary picture. It is not, however, overdrawn. We have reserved | sidewalks in repair

one other smellorating possibility. It is that the mass of the comet when it strikes the sun will be much less than allowed under either of the preceding hypotheses. In that case the disturbance would be much less than above described. How much less it will be no one can say now. We close with one suggestion:

It is among the possibilities that, at some future time within a century from now, the greater part of the habitable globe, if not all, and including that part which has made what we know as history,

which has made what we know as history, will be desolated—swept as with the besom of destruction. Is it not desirable that we should devise some monument, or monuments, as durable as the pyrawhich has made what we know as his mids of Egypt, though not necessarily as costly, that will exist though our present libraries and buildings are swept away? -Chicago Tribune.

Town Dogs and Country Dogs.

Town Dors and Country Dogs.

The town dog is a citizen of the world and prides itself on knowing how to behave in all situations, how to treat gentlemen, tramps and small boys. "Tis a foul thing," says Launce, "when a car cannot keep himself in all companies." It is often more friendly with strangers than with its own master; just as a certain barrister who was walking up to the court in a wig and gown, on being greeted by his father, who was dressed in a rustic fashion, gave him a patronizing nod and, on being asked who his friend was, replied carelessly: "Only a fellow that I know." The country dog, on the other hand, has but one master, and reverences him. No dog is idle in the country; in short, what chiefly differences the rustic dog from his town brethren is that he has a strong sense of duty. The town dog, unless he belongs to a very serious master, makes no difference between working days and Sunday. The country dog invariably knows and respects the day of rest (like some nobler animals), by indulging on that day in more sleep than usual. He never thinks of accompanying his master on Sunday, although on other days it would puzzle his owner to escape from the house without him. Scotch collies are the most reverential of to escape from the house without him. Scotch collies are the most reverential of country dogs, and invariably go to kirk with their masters. Indeed, kirks are with their masters. Indeed, kins and sometimes estimated over the borders as being big enough to hold twenty or so many more collies. The country dog, again, is an excellent guard to his mas-ter's house, his suspicious feelings not being continually lulled to sleep by the number of people coming and going, as with his town brother. If he has a vice, it consists in baying the moon. Then he contrives to murder sleep in rustic solitudes as effectually as do the cats in a town square. He has two failings— one when, being a shepherd's dog, he one when, being a shepherd's dog, he takes to worrying game, young partridges, grouse and the like; the other, when grown sly and bloodthirsty, he illustrates Shakespeare's lines as being. The dog that had his teeth before his eyes. To worry lambs and lap their innocent blood. But then Shakespeare never had a good word to fling to a dog. This was the one form of life for which he had no sympathy; perhaps, from his experience of men, he disliked to see what should be their virtues more strongly reflected in

their virtues more strongly reflected in the disposition of dogs. Few more gro-tesque sights are visible in the country than the spectacle of a country dog so than the spectacle of a country dog so far forgetting its sedateness as to romp and play with one of its kind. The par-son's Scotch terrier may, indeed, find time for such frivolity, but every other dog is too hard-worked. What the bear in the street was to the town dog is the sweeping cry of the fox-hounds to his country cousins. They are ineffably dis-gusted and, perhaps, a little bit afraid of this abrupt invasion. For the time being, too, their services are dis-pensed with, and themselves slighted in the eyes of their masters, who are alto-gether taken up with the excitement of the sport. A wandering Scotchman play-ing the bagpipes is another of their pet aversions. His music is too harsh for their sensibilities. They are not so ready for a fray as their town brethren; but when they once begin they fight in earnest, like heroes of the prize-ring, who "mean business." Fortunately a country dog has a thick, shaggy neck, for the most part, and the author of 'Rab and his Friends' has taught us how their most desperate enemies may be appeased by a pinch of snuff, like Virgir's bees, pulveris exigui jactu. Bearing in mind the sedate character and many solid virtues of the country dog, it is with much regret that we see from the last report of the Com-missioners of Inland Revenue that a marked decrease of does has occurred this last year in the country. In what a sorry plight a town dog soon finds him-self if he ventures into the country is strikingly illustrated by the unfortunate dog which annually appears on the course when the Derby is about to be course when the Derby is about to be run. A country dog detected in any-grave fault, running after sheep and the like, meets with scant forbearance; a short shrift and a long rope awaits him. His town brother frequently escapes after some nefarious deed, with nothing worse than an avenging Nemesis in the shape of a tin kettle tied to his tail. Then he rapishes and donly soome day. That is all vanishes suddenly some day. That is all. Perhaps he is flung into what anglers know as the Bow-wow Pool, near the bridge, a sweet morsel for pike. When the country dog fulfills the adage that every dog has his day, he generally ob-tains a decent burial. The boys with

whom he has romped plant dog-violets over his grave, and write his epitaph, appropriately enough, in dog-Latin.— London Graphic. A Horse's Private Mark.

 Dr. Bender recently made an incision into the left shoulder of a fine horse be-longing to Mr. H. Hess, the Superin-tendent of Street Service in the introtendent of Street Service in the intro-duction of our water works system, and removed a silver ten-cent piece of 1876, which was placed there about four years ago by the man from whom Mr. Hess bought the horse in Kentucky. It was intended as a private mark, and was placed just beneath the skin, but considerable tissue had formed over it considerable tissue had formed over it during its four years' lodgment. It was a well-preserved piece when slipped under the skin, and the only mark it reains of the singular service to which was put is a greasy substance which adheres closely to the depressions in the coin —Jamestown Journal.

-Every able-bodied man in Leavenworth, Kansas, is taxed annually three dollars toward keeping the streets and sidewalks in possion MCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Baltimore has more colored Sunday sol scholars than any other city in

America.

—Ex-President Chadbourne, of Williams College, has accepted the Presidency of the Amherst Agricultural College

lege.

—President Seelye, of Amherst College, recently said to the Rhode Island teachers: "If we are wise we shall make the Bible the corner-stone and top-stone

-The families of Harvard stude nts reently received circulars from the College authorities asking: "Do you have family prayers?" And out of 741 families, how many do you think answered Yes? Only 211. Is it any wonder Harvard should be known as a free-thinking institution?

The pastor of a Chicago Presbyte-rian church received the present of a book from his people, and on opening it found \$400 laid in bills between the leaves. The title of the book, "One Year Abroad." was significant, and the pastor may take the hint, though he has to shorten the time.—N. Y. Examiner.

-The new methods of instruction in —The new methods of instruction in the Boston primary schools have in the past three years worked wonders, the only drawback being the want of time to enable the teachers to acquire the needful knowledge and skill. These methods are, in effect, those which teach children to think rather than to merely

remember. -The report of the fifty-ninth annu neeting of the Connecticut Baptist Convention and of the sixty-third session of the Educational Society has been issued. The whole number of churches in the six associations of the State is 120. The associations of the State is 120. The number of baptisms for the year was 588, a gain of 237 over the previous year. The total membership is 20,830. The amount of money contributed for all purposes during the year was \$170,435, a gain of \$31,736 over 1880.

-President Eliot, of Harvard, recently gave an instance of what a firm will and mother-wit can do in enabling a poor young man to surmount the difficulties in the way of his getting a thorough edu-cation: "Two years and a half ago there appeared in Cambridge, just before the examination for admission, a young man of rough exterior who came from a small village in New York, where his father village in New York, where his father earned a scanty living as a stone-mason. He came to see me before the examination, and stated, among other things, that he never had any teacher in Greek, that nor German; that he had begun to learn these three languages only sixteen months before; that out of these sixteen months he had worked ten at his trade as a stone-mason, and that his entire quick capital was ten dollars. To my astonishment he passed an excellent ex-amination, succeeded in every subject except Greek composition, which he had never tried to learn. He was taken care of at Cambridge, as many another has been, and in his first year won a scholar-ship."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-It takes the whole Legislature to change a man's name. A woman can change hers by the act of a single man. -"I would box your ears," said a young lady to her stupid and tiresome admirer, "If—" "If what?" he anxiously inquired. "If I could get a box large enough for the purpose," she replied.

—A Cincinnati lady disguised herself as a book agent and made twenty-six calls at different offices. She says she had no idea that old, gray-headed men could tell such sweet lies and be so deceiving.—Detroit Free Press.

-Young man, if you had one and two-third tons of gold coin, you would be worth just a million dollars. Every little piece of gold you get hold of throw into the junk pile until you accumulate that weight. You can then sell it and be come a rich man.—New Haven Register.

-The great apostle of the esthetes wa asked the other day which of all the numerals he thought the most truly beautiful and serenely lovely. "Why, four, to be sure," he replied with an air of inexpressible languer. "And why?" asked his fair questioner. "Because asked his fair questioner." And that was all he said tioner. "Because it's

-A boy who had always refused to eat oat-meal, in spice of his mother's urgings that it was a strengthening diet, suddenly surprised her one morning by eating a liberal plateful and calling for more. Upon his mother asking for an explanation, he replied: "I am bound to eat oat-meal till I am strong enough to whip Johnny Scott."

*" How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the saints and apostles. "Ah, he was a good, clever old soul, I know," replied the landlady, "for he once said, replied the initiality, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us and ask no questions, for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder.—Modern Argo.

-Music and Millinery.+ "Good morn — Music and Millinery. +-"Good morning, Fogg," said Brown, briskly. "How did you like the opera last night?" "O, so-so," answered Fogg, moodily; "nothing striking about it, excepting the drum-sticks." "Come, come," returned Brown, "be serious. Didn't you think that bravura passage with pizzicato and appogiatura embellishments were love-ly?" "Guess I didn't see it," shawered Fogg, as before; "there was only feathers and flowers and things on the one in front of me." "What are talking about, man?" exclaimed Brown. "That girl's hat, of course. Wasn't you?" Good morning," said Brown, as he

turned the corner.—Puck.

—At a meeting of some colored breth-ren it was decided to make a collection. ren it was decided to make a collection. The President concluded to pass the hat himself, and, in order to encourage the others, he put in a ten-cent piece. After the collection, during which every hand had been in the hat, the President approached the table, turned the hat upside down, and not even his own contribution dropped out. He opened his eyes with astonishment, he exclaimed: "Fo' goodness, but I'ze eben lost de ten cents I started wid!" Then there was consternation on the faces of the assembly. Who was the lucky man? That was the question. It was evidently a hopeless case, and was summed up by one brother, who rose in his place, and said, solemly, "Dar 'pears to be a great said, solemly, "Dar 'pears to be a great moral lesson roun' heah somewhar."

For Boung Beaders.

PRIDE AND A FALL.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Strawberry Jam,
A-growing very red.
What a most unfortunate creature I a
I can scarce hold up my head.
To think that I should live to see
An insult offered like this to me!
That I should be placed on the very sam
(the dear! I hardly know myself)
By the side of that odious Blackberry Jam
That vulgar, common, Blackberry Jam

So she funnel and fretted, hour by hot Growing less and less contented, fill her temper became so thoroughly That she at last fermented; While Mr. Blackberry Jam kept still, And let her have her say— Kept a quiet heart, as blackberries wi And grew sweeter every day. One morn there stopped at Da

The parson—to say that he might,
By the kind permission of Providence,
Take tea with her that night.
And the good old lady, blessing her lot,
Hastened to open her strawberry pot.
"Oh, what a horrible mess? Dear—dear!
Not a berry fit to eat is here.
After all," putting it down with a slam,
Nothing will keep like good Blackberry
Honest, reliable, Blackberry Jam."

Mrs. Strawberry J. went into the pail:
Oh my-what a dire disgrace!
And the pig ate her up, with a twitch
tail

And a troubled expression of face.

And a troubled expression of face.

While Blackberry J., in a lovely glass dish,
Sat along with the bread and honey,
And thought, while happy as heart could wish
"Well, things turn out very funny."

—St. Nicholas.

A GHOST STORY.

A Story of the English North Country.

"So you want me to tell you a story about a ghost, do you, children?" said Parson Goodharte, looking up from his book, with a queer little twinkle in the corner of his dark-gray eyes, as his three nephews and two nieces came trooping around the snug arm-chair in which he was sitting by the fire. "Well, that won't he very easy because I let. which he was sitting by the fire. "Well, that won't be very easy, because I never saw a ghost myself, and I've never met any one else who had, either. But I once knew a man who thought he had seen one—or felt one, rather—and a very serious matter it was for him, as you shall hear.
"When I first came here as a young

curate, long before any of you young folks were born, every man, woman and child in the village believed as firmly in ghosts, witches and all that nonsense, as they believed that the sun shone or that the wind blew.

"Tye seen a strapping fellow six feet high, big and strong enough to knock a horse down, go half a mile out of his way rather than pass after dark a spot where a highwayman had been hanged in chains; and more than one old woman was seared into fits by a white cow suddenly getting up from behind a hedge, as she was going home through the fields in the twilight.

"As for the church-yard, all the money in the Cottonborough Bank wouldn't have tempted any of our village folk to go through it after nightfall. And cer-tainly it was a dismal place—there's no

denying it.

"Our pretty little new church over the way wasn't built then, and the old church stood right out at the very end of the village just where Farmer Thompson's big barn is now.

"It was a grim old building, all of dark gray stoot turned almost back by

dark-gray stone turned almost black by the weather, and fast crumbling away. The tower was one mass of dark ivy, and the church-yard itself was full of gloomy firs and cypresses, growing to-gether in thick clumps, which harbored owls and bats without number; and when the moon glimmered through the clouds upon a stormy night, making the white tomb-stones whiter and the black trees blacker than ever, it certainly did look as ghostly a place as I ever saw in

my life.
"But as if all this was not enough, "But as if all this was not enough, the spot had a legend attached to it, and a very grim one, too, Just at the further end of the church-yard, the ground fell steeply away to a dark hollow, through which ran a stream.

"This hollow bore the pleasant name of 'Dead Man's Gully,' and the traditions of the county recorded that a

tions of the county recorded that a great battle had been fought in this place in the days of King Alfred, and that a number of wounded Danes, who despite the entreaties of a good monk, tried hard to save them.

"Ever since that day—so ran the le-gend—on the anniversary of the massacre, any one who passed the spot after nightfall would hear the shouts of the slayers, and shrieks of the slain, min-gling with the hoarse rush of the water, and would see—if the moon were bright enough to show it to him—the stream running as red as blood.

"So, what with this nice story (which every soul in the district knew by heart), and what with the gloominess of the place itself, the village people were as shy of it as if it had been a fever hos-

"Of course, I was very much put out at seeing my parishioners making such geese of themselves; but what was to be

"Talking to them would only have made them worse, for they would have told me that they, who had lived in the country all their lives, must know more about it than I, who had only just come

" At first I tried to shame them out of their terrors by constantly going about the haunted spots myself, by night as

well as by day.

"But it was not a bit of use, for they were accustomed to consider it part of a clergyman's business to deal with ghosts, and held that I ought to be a match for any amount of them, if I did my work properly.

my work properly.
"So the only thing I could do was to leave their beliefs alone, and trust to time to wear them out.

"It was toward the end of my first year in the village, and the nights were getting long and dark, when, one evening, as I was coming home in the twilight from visiting an old laborer, who had fallen ill, a man came flying down the lane, full-speed, and ran bump against me so violently that he almost knocked me down. "'Gently, my friend,' said I; 'I'm not made of iron.'

"Be that thee, paarson? answered a shaky voice, which I recognized at once as that of Dick Grimes, the miller. Stand by me if thee be a Christian

". What's the matter?" asked I, won

was so hedly that he could hardly

speak.
"'There be a beggart (chost) after the panted Grimes, 'rattlin' a cho and ahroikin.' Try if thee can staken, for the love of heaven. I can

him, for the love of heaven. I cannot!

"Sure enough, at that very moment I heard a sound of pattering feet approaching, mingled with the clanking of a chain; at d through the darkness I could just make out something white coming swiftly toward us. Grimes, who seemed too much scared even to run away, got behind meas if I had been a wall, while the ghost came on.

"And when the terrible hobgoblin got right up to us, what do you think it turned out to be? Why, neither more nor less than the miller's own white donkey, which, having been carelessly tethered, had managed to break loose, and was enjoying a moonlight run by itself, dragging its chain along with it!

"I took care to keep the secret, but the story leaked out somehow, and you may fancy what a hard time of it the poor miller had in the village for a good while after, although many who laughed at him would have been no braver themselves in his place.

at him would have been no braver themselves in his place.

"Now it happened that the hardest of all upon him was Sam Barton, the butcher—a great, brawny fellow, with large, red whiskers, and a hand like one of his own shoulders of mutton—who was fond of boasting that he feared nothing above ground or under it. "One night, when a lot of them were

having a sort of holiday-supper at the little inn, yonder, Barton made fun of the miller so unmercifully that at last the poor fellow got quite angry,

"Ah, any mon can talk big when there be no danger!" cried he; but if

there be no danger!' cried he; 'but it thee'd been i' my place, the'd ha' done jist as I did!"

jist as I did!"

"Would I, though?" shouted the butcher, fiercely. 'Thee mun get up early to catch Sam Barton playin' craddint (coward.) I be nt afeared o' nought above ground, nor under it, neither!"

"Well, then,' said Grimes, looking him full in the face, 'will thee go through the church-yard now?"

"Aye, that I will,' cried the butcher, imming up at once,' and we may a'

jumping up at once; 'and ye may a' coom with me if ye loike, and see that I do it fair!"

"'Well, hark ye to me, lads,' put in the landlord, 'I'se tell ye how we'll do it. Sam shall tak' these three knives, and stick one i' the ground by the stile where he'll go into the choorch-yard, and another by Squire Hawker's monniment i' the middle, and the third at the gate on t'oother side. Then we'll go round to the gate and meet him, and see that a's fair.'

"The plan was at once agreed to, and

"The plan was at once agreed to, and off started the valiant butcher, whistling defiantly, and clinking the three long knives in his brawny hand.

"But as he began to leave the village lights behind him, and to approach the dark, dreary church-yard, his whistle grew fainter and his step less brisk. It was a chill, gloomy night, and the wind moaned dismally through the leafless trees, while the distant roar of the torrent that ran through Dead Man's Gully rent that ran through Dead Man's Gully sounded unnaturally loud in the grim

"Every ghost story he had ever heard in his life seemed to crowd into the unfortunate butcher's memory at once, and by the time he reached the stile he would gladly have given all the money in his pocket to be well out of the whole business. But it would never do to give in now, so over the stile he scrambled, planted his first knife, and went on went on.

"The church-yard was dark as pitch, and he got more than one tumble over the graves, which made his nerves none the steadier.

"Just as he was sticking the second knife beside the 'Squire's monument (which loomed white and ghostly brough the darkness), the church

struck twelve.

"The deep, hollow sound, amid that dead silence, started him from a walk into a run. On he went, scratching houghs and great battle had been fought in this place in the days of King Alfred, and that a number of wounded Danes, who had crawled to the stream to drink, had been cruelly slaughtered by the Saxons, despite the entreaties of a good monk, look round, stuck the third knife at random behind him, and tried to rush off. But lo! something seized and held him fast, and poor Sam, frightened out of his wits, howled, shrieked, kicked, struggled, and finally fainted outright.
"Meanwhile, his comrades, who were

waiting outside, heard his cries, and fearwatting outside, neard his cries, and lear-ing that something had gone wrong, ventured in, keeping very close to-gether. And what do you think they found? Why, that he had stuck the knife through the skirt of his own coal, and pinned himself to the ground! And that was all the ghost there was about the matter."—Golden Days.

Little Johnnie.

Little Flossie was five years old. She Little Flossie was five years old. She had a little brother Johnnie who was two and a half years old. They were playing party. Flossie had eaten all her goodies. Seeing Johnnie's spread out before him in most tempting array, she raised her large gray eyes, and said; "Johnnie, play you said, 'Sister, won't you have some o' my goodies?"

Little Johnnie, looking as grave as a judge, replied: "Flossie, play I said: 'I shan't do it.'

Flossie dropped her head, feeling she

Flossie dropped her head, feeling shad met her match.

The private, Niles, who passed himself off in Philadelphia for a Major-General and received much money and comfort from old army men before the imposition was discovered, is at least a cool and cleverfellow. When confronted with proofs of his falsehood he merely said in explanation that if he had presented himself as a private soldier no one would have taken any notice of him. As to his sickness and destitution him. As to his sickness and destitution he told the truth. He is not yet able to at up in bed, and the men who helped him do not regret their generosity, believing that he would have died without it. The strangest and saddest feature of the case is that the evidence shows Nilse to have the product of the case.

Niles to have been a brave soldier who was wounded several times and de served well of his country.-Chicag Times.

dering not a little what could have happened to frighten a great sturdy fellow hottest, then the fruits of grace should like him—for frightened he evidently grow the fairest.—Fleming.

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

shore, "I had to 'sh at being about to 'sh



carry a stock of Sr. Jacons On. in my little bost. The Captain calls it "Baby Mine," and has store therein signal rockets, thermometer, compass provisions, etc.]—and I have but little trouble Before starting out I rub myself thoroughly wit the article, and its action upon the muscles the article, and its action upon the muscles is wonderful. From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever benefit, me until I got hold of this Great German Remedy. Why, on my travels I have met people who had been suffering with rheumatism for years; by my advice they used the Oil and it cured them. I would sooner do without food for days than be without this remedy for one hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without it. The Captain became very enthusiastic on the subject of Sr. Jacoss OIL and when we left him he was still citing instances of thusiastic on the subject of Sr. Jac when we left him he was still citing the curative qualities of the Great (government) to a party around him.

mids. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.



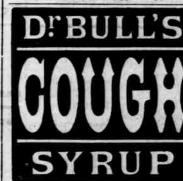
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